

DAILY CULTURE EDITION

Transforming woman's theatre

by Michael Holmes

Yesterday morning in a restaurant on the corner of St-Denis and Mont Royal, I breakfasted on coffee, toast, and visionary discourse. My companion was the theatre director Ann Scofield, presently in Montréal to animate the autumn session of her "Creative Workshops for Women."

This is the second time Scofield's *Transformative Theatre* explorations have been sponsored by the Lacolle Centre for Educational Innovation at Concordia.

Well-received by participants last year, the program bills itself as "a dynamic process through which women's essential realities find universal expression through the transforming medium of theatre."

My initial response to this stated intent was to question Scofield's concept of transformation. Pointing to the dual sense contained within the name *Transformative Theatre*, Scofield focused on the significance of the form, the theatre, as itself being subject to transformation.

In her twelve years exploring the collective creativity of women, Scofield has witnessed numerous examples of the wide variety of possibilities contained within the medium of theatre.

For her, it is this transformative "magic" which creates an environment uniquely conducive to change in the psyches of those who create within its spaces. This power is not restricted to those who are directly involved in the performing process, but expands to include audiences as well.

Scofield constructs her workshops around a realization of the debilitating separation of art and life which characterizes Western industrialized society. By looking not only into history but also around us, at non-industrialized cultures, Scofield believes we may better facilitate our own rejection of the current elitism which surrounds the arts.

Popular art to personal art

Her own work during the summer of 1987 with local popular theatre groups in Nicaragua, has lead Scofield to an awareness of the positive social energy that is generated when "art resides within the context of a community, and the life of a community."

The women who participate in Scofield's workshops possess a dual need. Before they can freely express what they "feel, believe and think," these women must "recognize and identify" the need to express themselves.

Scofield's program allows women to do this by "giving form" to the need and the desire, by relying on the mediation of an artistic medium dedicated to the enhancement of communication.

The term which Scofield uses to describe the awareness of form and function is "remembrance," a word which is vital to all her work. The "fear of expression" which characterizes the lives of many people in modern society is countered by the transformative theatre of re-



PHOTO BY ELEANOR LEE

membrance.

A fundamental result of Scofield's explorations in theatre is the conviction that this form is well-suited to channel the energy of imagination into the necessary work of challenging society's status quo.

Again, the local-level manifestations of the revolutionary capabilities of theatre in Nicaragua strengthen Scofield's convictions. In Nicaragua, as in Montréal, a flexibility of structure within the transformative programme allows participants to each bring with them to the sessions those themes and concerns which are most important to themselves.

A major focus of this approach often develops into not only personal challenges, but also an undermining of the patriarchal oppression which limits personal and collective freedom; as, for example, with a man in Nicaragua who came to Scofield to discuss a play his troupe was creating which denied the validity of male machismo.

Binary lies

Much of Scofield's work in transformative theatre is based upon the falsity of the binary system of oppositions which permeates Western culture. She rejects the premise, for example, that female and male are inevitably consigned to a state of otherness.

"We live in a society in which we have forgotten the connection between things," Scofield observes. However, transformative theatre is "about trying to renew the memory of those connections."

The destruction of the closure inher-

ent to binary systems involves, for Scofield, a return to a sympathetic union of healing and art, spirituality and art, politics and art, and social issues and art.

A strong believer in the existence of a "collective consciousness," Scofield's work with women seems to focus upon the multiplicity of the female, a subject which has been much debated amongst feminist theoreticians.

Where Helene Cixous, for example, tends to mythologize all women into a homogeneous mass, and thereby perpetuate patriarchal taxonomies, Scofield is aware of the different powers, voices, and potentials which each woman brings to her workshops.

Within the variety of reason which brings women to one of Scofield's programmes, three emerge that seem to characterize the impulses which guide the participants through the workshops.

Firstly, the need for self-expression is fundamental to the theatre of transformation. Secondly, there is a revitalized awareness of theatre as "play", an awareness of the linguistic affinity between that which one sees on stage and the games children involve themselves in while growing up.

The function of Scofield's focus on improvisation, as a key to remembrance of the "wide-open" potentialities of childhood, is at this level of motivation. Finally, a need to acknowledge and to honour life passages which have been all but forgotten in our rush to the twenty-first century, is behind the images, form, and content which attract women to Scofield's approach.

Whether a woman wishes to experi-

ment individually with the strength of her psyche, or whether she wishes to join others in collective explorations, the improvisational strategy allows for an equal emphasis upon both her voice and her body.

Again in Scofield's approach the importance of harmonizing through a full knowledge of the self begins with a denial of the necessary separation of two structural elements. A materialist conception of language holds that language both registers and shapes the material world.

Scofield's emphasis on the union of speech and body acts, allows one to posit a "symbiotic transformation" whereby the language of the female body, freed of phallogocentric biases, may even be used to re-educate or remember for the speaking voice a way of being now buried beneath multiple layers of cultural oppression.

Validating process

As a recent participant in one of Scofield's workshops pointed out, the emphasis of her programme is one which "validates us as women, validates process versus product," a position which accords well with the director's own theories on the open-endedness of human life and discourse.

The intimacy between participants and the knowledge of personal and communal *jouissance*, creates a strength which counters the traditional imposed "fear of creativity" which plagues many women.

In a society where a male deity is the ultimate creator, women have a difficult task of re-envisioning themselves as creative entities. Scofield nominates this as the "realization" of women: the awareness and refutation of social censorship and prohibition, a goal which she notes is equally relevant to men.

To authorize the human individual and thereby rewrite the social codes is the envisioned end of Scofield's transformative work. Western obsessions keep women and men defined in one or perhaps two social roles, when there are many more voices and approaches latent within the individual waiting to be explored and renewed.

Our suspicion of such words as "ritual", "storytelling" and "play" points to the obstruction within present discourse of one's natural ability to range freely between the collective and the individual consciousness.

Searching for another "way of speaking" in order to express the new insights which these transformative processes have facilitated, is one of the primary challenges which Scofield has set for herself and those who participate in her "fragile" and "innovative" search for meaning. This is the "empowering of embodying," the doing for the self.

Scofield will be holding her workshop Transformative Theatre starting Oct. 9. The will be two groups, meeting eight times each. Enrollment is limited and costs \$220 per participant. For information call 499-0783 or 848-4955.

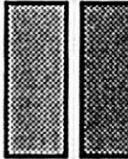
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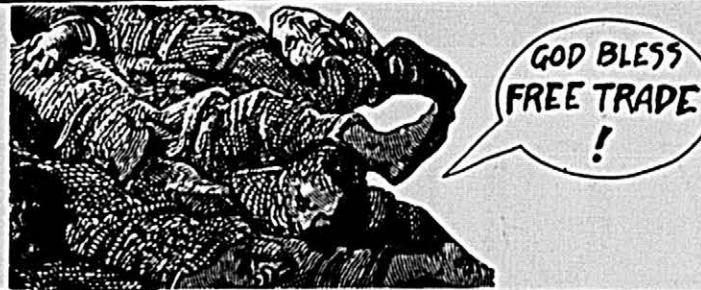
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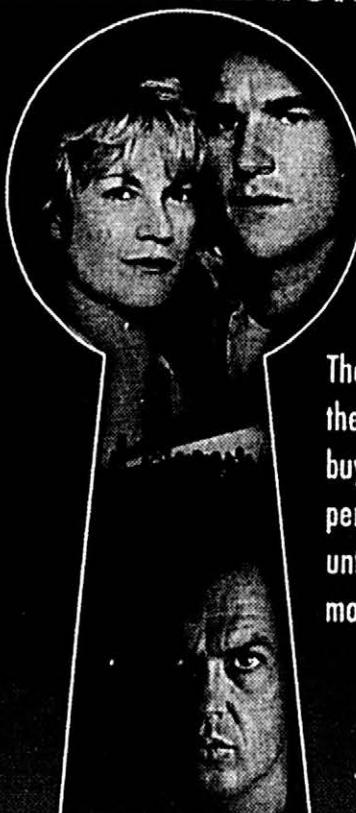


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The perestroika hangover

by Tom McGillis

Oleg Yefremov is searching for a distinctly Soviet identity for his art, while his country is foundering in the confusion of a post-perestroika hangover.

On his way home from Yale University on Tuesday, Yefremov, director of the Moscow Art Theatre (where Chekhov, Stanislavski and Meyerhold practiced their crafts), paid a visit to McGill's Drama department.

Yefremov spoke on the state of the theatre of the state to a captivated audience of 150 students, faculty, and local professionals. Later, he shared some personal thoughts on the post-perestroika age with the *Daily*.

This burly, gruff-looking man spoke through an interpreter, surprising listeners with his animated stories and his past-

sion for Soviet theatre. The military posture and crew cut were merely foils for the warm smiles and comic timing that came from his theatrical life.

The military-man impression is not completely accidental. He began our interview by relating stories of his youth: Yefremov decided at 17 to study theatre because he was too young to fight in World War II. He studied at the Moscow Art Theatre School and went on to do children's theatre before starting experimental work in the 1960s.

It was at this time that Yefremov re-interpreted the Stanislavski Method and challenged its stifled and restricted use at the Moscow Art Theatre. He eventually brought his "Revised Stanislavski" to the Art Theatre when he took over as Artistic Director in the early 70s.

Yefremov is optimistic about post-perestroika theatre in the USSR. He explained that in order to understand Soviet theatre today one has to look at its past—a past filled with restrictions and relentless censorship.

His lecture included many horror stories: plays proposed by directors were rejected for little reason by those who had no understanding of the arts. Decisions as trivial as the painting of the theatre were scrutinized, and often blocked by the Ministry of Culture.

Through a rueful grin, Yefremov related a story to his audience of a near-deaf Brezhnev attending a Politburo preview of a play, and shouting ignorant comments to his fellow officials. As he told the story, Yefremov's grin was that of a child defying parental authority. This authority has finally been taken away

but it leaves a new freedom that Yefremov himself admits is awkward.

Soviet theatre has reached a unique point in history. With the freedom to go anywhere, it is lost. In his lecture, Yefremov mentioned several playwrights who were "sharp" and prolific before Perestroika came around. "Now, they don't write anymore." Yefremov seemed baffled by this situation. He followed every description of new theatre movements (including "erotic theatre") with the exclamation, "Can you imagine?"

The role of the theatre is still confused. Yefremov said the intelligentsia are too busy with politics to come to the theatre. As a result of glasnost, the media, historians, and sociologists are taking over areas of concern that once belonged to

the theatre.

But Yefremov sees this as an opportunity for theatre to get back to aesthetics. As far as he is concerned, Soviet theatre has already done its job as a catalyst for political action. Now, directors and actors can step back and see where the country is going next.

After working in the U.S. for the past month, Yefremov said he noticed only a few superficial differences between North American and Soviet Theatre. At the core of every successful project is a committed team of director and actors who "take a text and make shape and action out of it."

"Where do we go next?"—Soviet theatre is having as much trouble as Canadian theatre in this respect. But the healthiest sign is that he is still questioning.

Teetering words on the student edge

by Lucy Payette

A cover photo of 'The Lord's Bus' and a lovely lady tell readers, from any field, to expect amusement from this year's *Scrivener*. You don't have to be an English major.

The journal, started in 1980 by students at McGill, features Canadian and American poetry, fiction, criticism, and graphic art. Its contributors have ranged from Margaret Laurence and Timothy Findley to university students from across the continent.

"Neither sex, nationality, occupation and political beliefs of authors nor other non-literary aspects shall be the basis for publication in *Scrivener*," says editor Julia Crawford. But *Scrivener* has a definite student's edge.

Backpackers will identify with "Strangers," a short story of a woman's travels in India by

British writer Julie Wheelwright. "Chalk one up for the quiet Canadians in their baggy clothes" sighs the young protagonist, Elly. A follow up on the back cover, tells of Wheelwright's new Canadian book, *Amazons and Military Maids*.

In contrast, and decidedly American, Donna Janet Dougherty's "Just A Dream" is a Texan version of *Catcher in the Rye*. A run on rambling sentences in colloquial languages set the pace and the humour for this short story of a young married couple's sexual fantasies.

On the more sober, intellectual side, *Scrivener* supplies interviews with M. Travis Lane, American writer Russel Banks, and McGill English professor Robert Lecker. In the opening selection, Banks speaks of his desire to expose the social class of poverty. He calls his novel

Affliction, and describes it as "a tragic, unflinching examination of male violence."

Interviewer and *Scrivener* staff member, Peter Sampson questions Dr. Lecker's view on Canada's unity. Lecker says, "I'm not sure whether we'll ever be able to talk about identity as something recognizable or distinct." An anthologist of Canadian literature, he adds that he doesn't see literature as a unifying tool. Evidently not, considering he overlooks the substantial contribution to Canadian literature from French Canada.

The magazine also includes a large collection of fruit poetry and poetry related to current environmental concern. Zoe Landale's "Recklessness of Green" and David McGimpsey's "Elvislore" and the abundant fruit poems are among the more accessible works in the collection.

On the down side, *Scrivener*

"proudly" acknowledges first publishing poetry from Todd Swift, a now successful local semi-poet who, for whatever reason, is currently working with "The New McGill Reading Series."

Perhaps more impressive than the edition itself is the amount of volunteer effort from the *Scrivener* staff. Crawford attributes the paper's success to student involvement.

Once supported by the Canada Council, *Scrivener* now relies on funds from other sources. The Department of English, the faculty of Arts, and the English

Students' Association provide some support. *Scrivener* has 40 to 60 subscribers and exchanges material with other literary magazines.

With the current organization of poetry readings at local bars advertised by the Department of English, readers are invited to shake their adversity to literary analysis. Readings that have taken place in McGill's Alley, Bar St. Laurent and Bistro Duluth in the past, will this year be hosted by the popular St. Laurent café, Antigone.

Scrivener is available in Arts room 305, and in local bookstores.

Dr. Jeckyl in a Dark Light

by Deepali Dewan

The little square of a sky overlooking a vacant lot on campus is hosting Tuesday Night Café Theatre's production of *Dark Light Stories*. As the sparks from the fire rise like fireflies into the dark sky, our minds rise to the light and dark of intellect and emotion through powerful verse.

Dark Light Stories are stories within a story. The main tale, written by David Hudgins, is a "Curious Account Concerning the Maids, of Dorothy Keith, Late Citizen of Cork, Ontario." A scheming lady of the house

(Beatrice Stoklas) and her nervous maids create a foreboding aura in the dark parlor room. The night air, lit by nothing but lanterns, heightens the sense of mystery, making full use of the lady's fearful and intimidating character.

As shadows dramatically accent facial features, the maids are forced to tell a story "for the comfort" of Mrs. Keith, who summons them by a bell.

Each maid, in turn, relates a story. The first is the story of Genesis. After telling her story, the maid is promptly murdered. This contrast between creation and death sets the stage for the

horrors which are to follow. A sweet and melancholy violin, played by Eva Lund, connects the stories with intoxicating songs of the outdoor night.

The second story is "The Cask of Amontillado" by Edgar Allan Poe. Here, the story takes form in front and around us. Audience members become the skeletons and the foul stench of the cask, as actors Nicole Zylstra and Stefan Molyneux wind their way through the catacombs. The audience delights in the comic relief of Molyneux as the unfortunate Fortunato.

"Sad Stories in Patagonia," by contemporary Canadian

writer Eric McCormack is the third story, is told by Betsy (Becky Sandler). A band of adventurers rough, though scholarly and sensitive, tell tales to one another around a real campfire. "Dark Light Stories" loses some words to the sound vacuum of the night, but Betsy draws ears closer: "Sisters, let's elaborate..."

Each story dwells deeper into a chamber of fear not fully understandable, but very real. From murder and being buried alive, to the metaphoric metamorphosis of a boy into an insect, we observe our own reactions as the actors relate theirs.

Betsy's tale is taken from a private diary, throwing into question the subtle differences between stories and histories. The plot becomes more complicated as it becomes more personally risky.

Whether possessed by the dark passion of the actor or the light intellect of the student, there is both a Dr. Jeckyl and a Mr. Hyde in us all.

The open-air show runs until Saturday behind the administration building at 22h00. Admission is free. Dress to the weather—it gets cold.



PHOTO BY SAMSON

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From the fringe to the trough

by André Couture

A Life on the Fringe
Eugene Forsey
Oxford University Press, 1990

Eugene Forsey lives on the fringe? What fringe?

His grandfather was the Chief Clerk of the House of Commons. He holds a B.A. and an M.A. from McGill, where he later taught for 12 years.

He was a Rhodes Scholar, a Guggenheim Fellow, the Director of Research for the Canadian Congress of Labour and the Canadian Labour Congress, a prominent member of the CCF, a member of the Board of Broadcast Governors and a Liberal Senator for eight years.

He's been honoured as a Companion in the Order of Canada, as member of the Privy Council and holds ten honorary LL.D's and three D.Litt's.

As one political hack in the margins of McGill put it, "If that's a life on the fringe, where's my Senate appointment?"

Despite the title, Forsey's memoirs provide some fascinating insight into the career of a man who has been at the centre of debate on social justice in Canada for 40 years (1932-1970).

His friends are tucked in

between the pages of Canada's Who's Who—Arthur Meighen, Tommy Douglas, M.J. Coldwell, John Diefenbaker, Pierre Trudeau, Stanley Knowles...

As a left wing social reformer in the 30s, Forsey became a member of the League for Social Reconstruction. He co-authored the bible of the CCF, *Social Planning for Canada*, and went on to run for the CCF before becoming a Liberal Senator.

Liberal Senator? How did a leading Canadian socialist become a member of the chamber of 'sober second thought' (or the chamber of 'assessing the effects of legislation on real estate')?

Forsey says he accepted Trudeau's appointment because he believed abolishing the Senate "was impossible and campaigning for it was a waste of time and energy."

He claimed Canada needed some sort of upper house to represent the regions. But give us a break, Eugene—\$60 000 a year plus perks?

Another reason for accepting the post was his distaste for Québec nationalism. For Forsey, Trudeau stood up against the creeping separatism of "dishonest" nationalists in Québec who wanted a new kind of federal-

ism (every Québec premier since 1960).

So Forsey went to the Senate to help create and defend what is now called the Trudeau vision of Canada—a slightly left-of-centre, strongly centralized government with welfare state policies in two official languages, with multiculturalism playing some loose, ill-defined role.

Forsey's commitment to the Canadian nation was powerful enough to make him quit the CCF after it became the NDP in 1961. He just couldn't accept the NDP's "two nations" version of Canada. His noisy split with the NDP was "the beginning of a battle that...lasted thirty years."

And when the ease and accomplishments of old age softened his socialist principles, constitutions and law became his obsessions.

Of course, Forsey returned to the screen for the Meech Lake psychodrama. In this book, he fires both barrels at "the English-speaking appeasers" who invite "the wildest Québec nationalists to dance on our stomachs."

He compares Meech Lake to the Munich Agreement of 1938 signed by British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, often seen as the sign of weakness



Eugene Forsey compares noses with his cronies on the "fringe"

that encouraged Hitler to begin his conquest of Europe.

If Forsey thought Meech would weaken the federal government, I wonder what he thinks of the proposed economic association that has captured mainstream Québec support.

A Life on the Fringe is a superbly written and candid memoir—rare for a public figure.

However, Forsey has an annoying habit of citing Tennyson, Milton, and the Bible et al. I guess he wants to prove his erudition but, instead, betrays literary pretension.

Mercifully, the good people at Oxford University Press went to work and assembled an index for reference to enlighten the unwashed. Life is tough on the fringe.

Last word on the critic's shelf

by Neal Colgrass

Graham Greene
The Last Word
Lester & Orpen Dennys
150pp. \$25.95.

Spider Robinson once divided the roles of literary critic and book reviewer along these lines: the critic tells you whether it was art, but the reviewer just says if it was a good read.

When my long-haired friend told me this over a game of frisbee, I took immediate offense. Robinson envisions the "critic" with an expression as dry as her bookshelf, and as meticulously arranged.

Compare this aged critic, wheezing to reach the top shelf, with the sight of my friend jumping around after a flying plate: there you have two images to harness Robinson's distinction. If they spoke, one would be pedantic, the other happily subjective.

So why did I take offense?

Because I, and more of us than would like to admit it, lean toward the critic's shelf.

After all, how many campus conversations about literature are anything more than hurricane winds?

At a party the other night, I actually heard someone say that

he'd read *Dune* five times, and he still didn't understand it. Yet while I laughed I knew that I also tended to fall under the academic's spell.

But a story about a man stealing the Eiffel Tower tends to disarm one's 'critical arsenal'. Watch it wither:

"You can easily imagine what was entailed," Greene writes—"a fleet of outsize lorries to carry the Tower out to one of those quiet flat fields you see on the way to Chantilly. There the Tower could lie quite easily on its side."

None of the drivers that morning notice the Tower lying on the unnamed narrator's 102 rented trucks—and neither can they pass, so a procession of Fiats and Renaults follows him out into the country-side.

Or how about a spy who poses as a food critic to eavesdrop on the conversations of his enemies—at least for as long as he can, since he hates eating, and tends to end up sick in the bathroom. At the climax of the story, his boss gives him the idea of using his diarrhea to get the doctor he's following to actually take care of him.

Then the protagonist starts to grow faint. "But the onion soup," he says. "Tomatoes. All

the meat I have to eat. Garlic with the lamb. Cheese as well as dessert. Why do all these suspects have such a good appetite?"

The boss brushes this aside and continues with his plan to snare the doctor. "We would watch his reactions very closely," he says. "All you would have to do is..." "To eat. No. I've made up my mind... No more onion soup, no more tomatoes, no more garlic. I resign."

And so the critic in me begins to fade.

This shaggy-dog story, "A Branch of the Service," is the only one in the collection being published for the first time. The rest of *The Last Word* is made up of stories Greene has published in magazines since the 1920s which for one reason or another didn't make their way into his *Collected Short Stories*, which came out in '72.

In his preface, Greene sounds almost apologetic about the new collection. One story, he says, used to strike him as clichéd, but he's decided to give it "a second chance." Another, "Murder for the Wrong Reason," he dug up out of the '20s because "I found that I couldn't detect the murderer before he

was disclosed."

Of "The New House," which was published in the *Oxford Outlook* in 1929, he says, "Why was it ever published, some may reasonably ask? The answer is a very simple one—I was the editor of the *Outlook*."

And I like the fact that he's a little apologetic about these stories, because "Murder for the Wrong Reason" and "The New House" are terrible.

"The New House" is about a young architect, Handry, who offers a proposal to build on the acreage of a cigar-smoking tycoon.

Behind his cloud of smoke, Mr. Josephs offers staple fat-and-rich-man advice: "Very clever, Handry, I'm sure. Very clever. But not exactly what I want. I want something a bit bigger in conception..." Josephs basically tells him to re-think his work more along the lines of *Dynasty* and Handry, insulted, exits in tears.

A page-break on the fifth (and last) page leaps us into the future, where two bicyclists are gaping at the ugly Josephs estate from a roadside, when, lo and behold, they see a "strange little man" watching them. He reveals that he in fact is Handry, the architect who designed this

gaudy estate years before.

So, why did Greene write this story? Is it a social comment? An artist's nightmare? Some lament for nature? I've read it five times, and I still don't understand it.

Which is nice, because it shows that any young writer, no matter how lousy, may someday write like what we now know as the mature Graham Greene.

So, putting the Eiffel Tower theft beside our latest candidate for *A Dark and Stormy Night*, you can see that this collection is a landscape of peaks and valleys. But it has a lot of boring sea-level, too.

Actually, most of the stories belong in magazines you might pick up for a little light summer reading, and end up keeping in the bathroom. As in many "entertaining" and plot-oriented tales, their bland and friendly heroes suddenly find themselves on the last page in some weighty moment the story cannot support.

The Last Word offers only a few ventures into zaniness and some streaks of good prose. And, as I'm dying to tell Spider Robinson, Greene's problem in these stories is that he never aspires to art.

Not bad kids

by Stephen Butler

Pink Floyd meets Cocteau meets the Sex Pistols meets River's Edge at Theatre LaChapelle, as one of Montreal's younger theatre troupes, *Les Enfants Terribles*, recreates its 1989 production of the same name.

Alternatively titled "L'ambition desmesuree de l'enfance," the piece is a multimedia exploration of the route from youth to adulthood. Three children and an electric guitar player break into a schoolyard, wait, dance, play, pray, have sex, scream with fear, and turn into social conformists.

The white spectre of adulthood watches from behind the fencing. Does he want to come in? Is he longing for youth? Is he regretting its passage? Or is he merely waiting for the children to come out?

As they grow up, the children play fewer games, prayer becomes habit not passion, and they pay more and more attention to the man in the suit lingering outside. They eventually descend into adulthood and fascism in an extended climax that recalls the Wall.

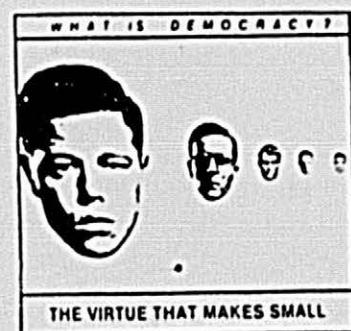
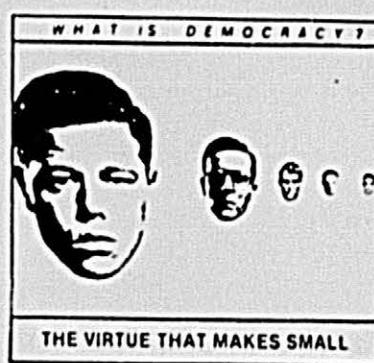
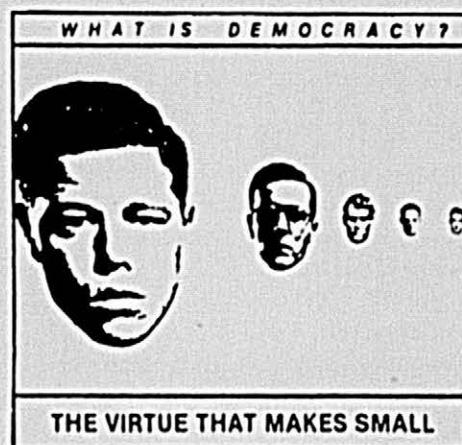
Les Enfants Terribles is a visual project, though it also relies heavily on the punk guitar of Olivier Tardif for dramatic force. The heavy feedback and distortion works well dur-

ing the nightmare scenes and the final indoctrination ritual, and often provides an intensity where the actors fail. All communication is either mimed, or presented in the form of nursery rhymes and prayers. The "script" has been culled from the actors' impressions of Cocteau and, more effectively, from their own recollections of childhood. As the play moves through its seven scenes, *Les enfants terribles* tend to lose themselves in the complex imagery of their homage to Cocteau, which, in turn, is lost on most of the audience.

The personal moments of the play, the nightmares and the prayers, bring to the piece its power, sweeping the audience along in the horrific, dehumanizing march towards maturity. This is finally achieved in the last scene, the longest and most draining, when the kids reach adulthood and embrace it.

The message we are left with is pessimistic and depressing. At the end, after the last wail of guitar has died away, we shuffle out in stunned silence and wonder how wonderfully depressing it's all been.

Les Enfants Terribles, ou l'ambition desmesuree de l'enfance is playing at Theatre LaChapelle, 3600 St. Dominique, until Saturday. Student Admission costs \$6.



RAPPIN' ABC

by Daily Culture Staff (et al.)

From time to time in the history of the arts, there comes a great work, a mammoth work, a work that will define the path for every creator that follows it. *I Come In Peace*, a new Vision International film starring Dolph Lundgren (of *Rocky IV* fame), is such a work.

Because of its monumental qualities, the *Daily* could not permit only one writer to trifle with a review. Besides, the fights over the press passes were threatening to turn the office into an abattoir.

Soon Monday night, some Culture staffers who saw the film, and some who didn't, got together to share their impressions (and their cheap drugs).

Since a plot summary would occupy too much space, suffice it to say Dolph plays a cop trying to thwart a yuppie crime gang, the White Boys. He finds himself entangled in an interplanetary drug war involving two aliens, the FBI, and a woman played by Betsy Brantley.

The good guys just say no, and win, in a symbolic crucifixion of the alien dealer.

Participants in this symposium will be identified by initials, to free the reader from possible bias (an idea lifted from the CBC Literary Competition, whose high standards we've always admired), to free the authors from possible legal action, and to confuse everyone because two of us have the same initials.

CW: So what did everybody think?
DR: Fast and colourful.

MH: The cinematography and editing were very good. It's an exciting and fun movie.

DD: Things just jumped out at you.
CW: If only we'd had our red and green glasses.

MH: So we all liked the cinematography. But the script?

DD: Well, somebody had to make it up.

CW: And now nobody will have to ever again.

HM: So that's good.
CK: Was it based on a book?

MH: I noticed traces of Wittgen-

stein.

(Silence. Nasty looks from room.)

CW: I noticed Shakespeare.

CK: One of the later ones.

DD: *In Peace I Come*

HM: It sounds real

DD: Depends wha

in.
MH: I think the me good, though I'd just n

ing that the plot did

sense, but you should anyway.

CK: Well, not havin

I can't help but agree

chatter, I hear. It's good

working again... So is

this film?

CW: No, Dolph

like the first Pope, I t

alien policeman foun

on Dolph's rock.

DR: I thought it wa

logue was really bad

worst is when the alien

in peace," as he doe

kills somebody, and

"And you go in piece

MH: No, the worst

logue is when the ma

the murderous flying

tuning your radio to

CK: Is it a jazz CD

(Silence. Confusion)

CW: We're not sur

it's a soundtrack.

DD: Well, as a ma

and 12 years of age C

my Cineplex resp

thought it was really

I'd bring my girlfri

board to see it again

things and throw pop

CW: It was a real au

tor. It was like the

was five... What d

think of the social

movie? I thought it w

— the demonizatio

down to the CD p

alarms, the Christian

then all this talk a

promises.

DD: It's very bare

this action, but it's i

symbolism to teach y

Drown Sue in Bootsauc!

Sue Medley

Polygram, 1990

Bootsauce

The Brown Album

Polygram, 1990

by Tracey Brink

If Bootsauce is Quebec's answer to Prince, Sue Medley's a sad anglophone substitute for Carol Laure.

Cursed with the aesthetically repellent look of Laurence Jaubert (the latter being the Québécoise du moment who actually has a lot of talent, gutsy vocals and a mean guitar pick), Sue Medley's self-titled record release lags far behind both Québécoise singers. Her rating, if you ask me, is Simply Mush.

In contrast, Bootsauce is flexible... they're a burning blend of thrash, funk, rap and "sex groove" kind of stuff," titillating and provoking. These chameleons fit in at any rap club, smoky funk bar, acid warehouse party or thrash pad. Versatility doesn't betray them, it just confirms their talent.

Mysterious, sexy videos and seductive packaging complete the popularity picture. I like their glossy inside sleeve, featuring minimalist-style type and hallucinogenic photos. Classy Thrash is their rating, I'd say.

Medley's sound is cliché. O.K., maybe she's paid her dues, been around for a while. But she's oh so uninspiring. Sorry, I can't recommend her, nor find much to say about her music at all, except that she sounds like a thousand other mediocre singers, and Alannah Miles does

all the sexy stuff better.

The best songs have a melody — the worst, some sort of malady. Check out this chorus from a song entitled "That's Life": "But that's life, That's right, that's life, that's life, that's life." Oh well, at least you don't have to concentrate on it.

If you enjoy Canadian women western singers, there are some good ones around, but Medley's still got to dig herself a foothold in the business. As of now, her overproduced, undersung and unfulfilling sound is enough to make me change the needle...

To... Bootsauce! *The Brown Album!* Hotter in the underground scene than scorching tabasco sauce is on bootless feet! They're Canada's prodigal sons. Being Foufounes Electriques regulars, they've had practice.

Their sound is tough; compelling. The talent shimmers through all the subtle hype. Every tune is great, and the mixing in between is comic — pay attention. All in all, the Brown Album is a must, for anyone hip to the hottest sounds. As an added bonus, they're from Montreal!

Verbally, Bootsauce is dirty and witty. Literary-titled songs, like *Catcher in the Raw*, frame disturbing lyrics. I'd quote "Catastrophe Seas" but Jesse Helms would probably emigrate to Canada. "Sex Marine" is a fun one: "Building up a bad reputation whirling dervish of heart palpitation stuck to the hospital bed..."

You'll have to try this seductive disc (if you know what's good for you); otherwise there's always our little cowgirl, Sue.

The edifice wrecks

by Dan Robins

The music was a Rondo, the theme from *Masterpiece Theatre*. The woman in front of me was talking about her dinner next weekend with the Dalai Lama ("They say if he touches you, you get 10 000 years of reincarnation - I'm not sure I want that"). People were huddling under umbrellas even when the rain wasn't pouring down.

You recognize the scene. You daydream about such occasions. It was the highpoint in the last fifty years of Montréal's architectural history.

Yes. It was the dedication of the Canadian Centre for Architecture Garden.

The ceremony itself occurred under a large tent on the south lane of René-Lévesque Boulevard. To avoid killing participants in the ceremony, traffic was redirected around the south lane.

The CCA Garden, according to the press release, is "one of the most exciting contemporary public urban gardens to be created in Europe or North America." The press release also contained excerpts from the speeches that would be made that afternoon.

Speeches were given by Lucienne Robillard, the ministre des Affaires culturelles du Québec; Jean Doré, mayor of Montréal; and Phyllis Lambert, President and Director of the CCA. The only guest of honour not to give a speech was the poor architect himself, Melvin Charney, who

looked remarkably like a James Bond villain.

The garden is supposed to be a reflection of the history both of world gardens and of Montréal's architecture. (This explains why so much of it was gravel, with grates distributed neatly around the sculptures.)

A document was then presented to the CCA, but the guests of honour did not seem to be acquainted with this part of the programme - a reporter had to help them in orienting the document for the cameras.

Then those attending the ceremony were allowed to go up into the garden, walking on a path strewn with flower petals. In keeping with Jean Doré's pronouncement that we must learn to live in harmony with nature, the grass on either side of the gravel path was clipped to a length of two inches.

As we proceeded onto the Esplanade and amongst the Allegorical Columns, umbrellas popped up to ward off the threatening rain, and cameras began their relentless clicking and flashing. All around me, people were forming groups, and trying to kiss each other's cheeks and missing.

From the Belvedere, one was presented with a panoramic view of what had once been called the *paradis terrestre*, the most impressive instances of which were pointed out by arrows on the low walls. (This must be what the press release meant by integrating the garden with its surroundings.) You could also see the

obscene graffiti scrawled along the Autoroute Ville-Marie.

The Allegorical Columns were ten tall sculptures which (again according to the press release) "can be read by the viewer on many levels. As well as being enigmatic objects in their own right, they interact with and explore the buildings of Montréal." Also, they afforded good to excellent protection from the rain for those of us who had forgotten to bring along our umbrellas.

The other features of the garden include the Meadow (which has harmonious grass), the Orchard (which has harmonious trees), and the Arcade (which has a harmonious water fountain). There are also a number of Cadastal Walls.

But I soon gave it all up. It didn't seem like they were going to be serving champagne or canapés, and I didn't understand the architectural symbolism, so why should I stay?

As I left, I began to hear some music under the roar of traffic passing by on the Autoroute, and realized that this was the jazz that had been promised in the press release.

I smiled and picked up my steps when I recognized the tune. They were playing "The Bear Necessities" from *The Jungle Book*.

Anyone interested in more information should read the article by the guy in front of me who was reading *Money Matters - A Critical Look at Bank Architecture*. He seemed to know what he was doing.



Return of the 'toons

by Jolyn Lawrence

Cartoons aren't just for children, as this year's Festival of Animation at the Rialto proves once again. Seventeen animated films from eight countries: Bulgaria, Chechoslovakia, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Japan and the U.S.A. including many claymation experiments and have real characters integrated into a cartoon setting!

Serious themes are effectively featured, ranging from peace to death - not the sort of stuff you see on Saturday mornings. But the cartoon deaths are just meant to be for fun.

Mother Goose comes from American animator David Bishop, who re-tells classical nursery rhymes while affixing perverse endings. The Italian toon *Grasshopper*, by Bruno Bozzetto, deals with different civilizations throughout history which fight wars

and die, all in under nine minutes.

Peace only comes when everyone except the horny grasshoppers are dead. *Deadly: Dead Time Stories for Big Folks* by animator David Anderson of the U.K. is the story of a transvestite Grim Reaper.

Wolf Suite is the Bulgarian film animated by Donio Denev. Sheep herders are off to battle the wolves harassing their flocks but are confronted with their extinction when only two wolves remain.

Rug Rat, with Mischievous baby Tommy, is a typical film about a typical kid. *Simon* is a typical film about a typical kid without a nose (but one day he does something only a person without a nose would dare to do).

Women are also featured at the festival with *We Women*, the U.S.S.R. entry and *Fatty Issues*, a hilarious portrayal of a woman on a diet, animated by Candy Guard of the U.K.

A Grand Day Out, about Wallace and his intelligent dog Gromit, planning a "Cheese Holiday" on the Moon, by Nick Park (U.K.); *Danny Goes Air Surfing* by Lance Kramer (U.S.) and *Tarzan*, a modern day version of Burroughs' story about Tarzan going to Africa and Tokyo as a tourist by Taku Furukawa (Japan) are examples of pure and delightful entertainment.

Hungary's *The Western*, a spoof on westerns, by Gabor Homolya and U.K.'s *Creature Comforts*, a series of interviews with zoo animals, by animator Nick Park offers one of the funniest cartoons of the festival.

Yeeeee!!! Let's go watch toooooons!!! Yeeeee!!!

The Rialto Theatre, 5723 Park Avenue will host the Animation Festival until October 4, admission \$6.00, call 274-3550 for further info.

IT'S NOT A CLOSE ENCOUNTER...
IT'S THE LAST.

OUT PEACE

MH: It's kind of like the *Inferno*.

CW: Jonathan Tydor and Leonard Maas, Jr., the writers, are the Dante of the 1990s.

MH: And Betsy Brantley as the new Beatrice on the mount. She cuts up dead people and gets paid for it.

CW: But what really confused me was the FBI in the movie, condoning the interplanetary endorphin smuggling to get nifty space weapons - which side is this movie on?

(Silence. Mmms and Aahs.)

MH: It's the ideal of the single male cop, fighting drugs at the root of all evil. And remember Dolph's supposed to be on vacation the whole time...

CW: So it's good for George Bush to go fishing?

DD: Well, it's a big cop/little cop duality.

MH: The film is full of dualities.

MH: It's like an alien *Miami Vice* - if you believe in *Vice*, you will be saved. (The soundtrack is by Jan Hammer, of *Vice* fame.)

MH: But there's no sex in this movie, not even the suggestion of sex. It was kind of cuddly...

CW: What kind of spirit does this film herald for the 'nineties?

CK: Don't put your hand in your CD player, it'll get cut off. And always keep your promises.

DD: And morals come down from above.

CW: The alien cop passes on the fire gun and it's like the gift of grace.

MH: This movie is profound. It's the second coming.

MH: We have to coin a critical phrase to round out the review.

MH: Okay. I'll begin with 'post-

DR: -eighties

DD: -supernatural

CW: -reactionary

HM: -fraudulent

MH: -Platonic

CK: -mise-en-scène'.

CW: Would we recommend the film?

MH: Go for Dolph.

MH: Any Iranian immigrant educated in Toronto private schools who studies philosophy at McGill and wants someday to be a director would love this movie.

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	Electric Lunchhour
	Live Broadcast
Thurs. Oct. 4th	Law vs. Med.
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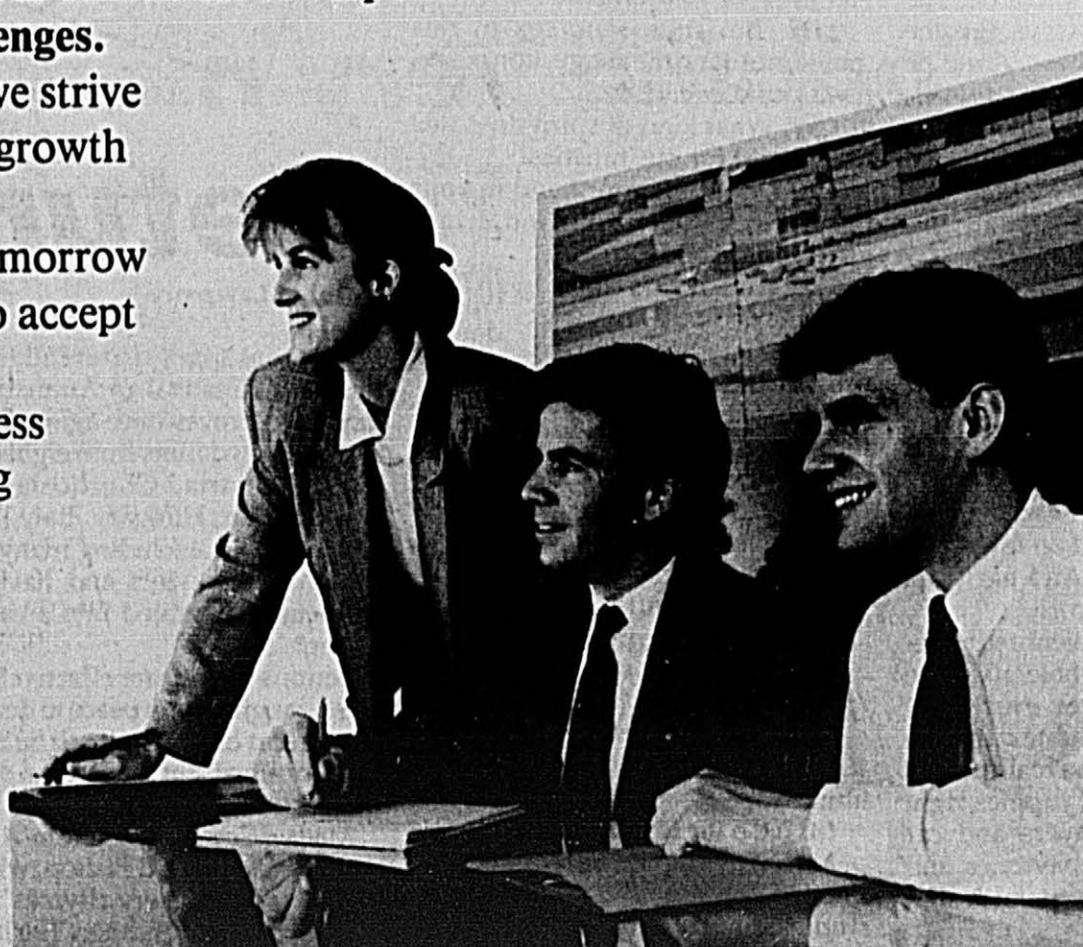
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Mohawk speaks at McGill

by Erik Rutherford

Finally, without being strained through the "objective" filters of the media, the events at Oka were reported from the Native's perspective at a meeting Tuesday afternoon.

Flint Eagle, a Mohawk and resident of Kahnawake, led a discussion with three other North American Natives who have been heavily involved in the impasse at Oka since it began on July 11. Each offered her/his own eyewitness account as well as the historical reasons behind the Mohawks' recent actions.

About 80 people attended the discussion, organized by the Anthropology Students' Association.

Flint was eager to clear up what he calls media misconceptions. "You wouldn't believe the things they do to us daily. What's going on and what's being reported are two different things."

Flint witnessed a young soldier pick up an eleven year old boy who refused to move, and drag him across razor wire. The boy needed stitches all the way up his arm.

"All they will show is us standing up for ourselves. They won't tell you about the kids being tear-gassed and kicked. The media receives its information from the authority figures, the SQ, the military, and politicians. What I say is heresy."

Nicola Wolters, a U2 Anthropology student, recalled her recent visit to a friend at Kanesatake. Wolters saw bullet holes in trees at stomach level, although the army claims to shoot in the air. She also met a woman who had been strip searched by the SQ.

"No one really knows what is going on," she said.

Veran Wallis, an Apache from Arizona, pointed out that "The government's greatest weapon is our ignorance."

Flint was stopped by the SQ in the middle of the Mercier Bridge while all other cars passed. SQ officers pointed their guns at him and told him he was being stopped, "to teach him a lesson and to tell him he had to be polite."

Yesterday, at Kanesatake, a military soldier called Flint an "asshole" and warned that he was going to break both of Flint's legs as soon as he was out of uniform. Flint reported this to the Military Police and Captain Larrivee, but the report did not seem to interest them.

Flint says he faces this sort of harassment on a daily basis that he is sure he and many others are "marked men".

"The Mohawks are simply demanding that the rights and treaties they already have be recognized. We just want the government to stand by their word as we have by ours," said Flint.

The Iroquois possess treaties

dating back to 1664, demonstrating they never surrendered their sovereignty.

The Iroquois Confederacy, an ancient democracy which includes power for both sexes and a voice for all, was crushed by armed Mounties in 1923.

"It was accept the Indian Act or die," said Flint.

Flint said his own relatives were given no more than thousand dollars for their homes which bordered the St. Lawrence.

"Those who said no to the money were left with their tears as they watched their houses, their belongings, their life being bulldozed," he said.

"Our land is enroached upon year after year," he said.

When the municipality of Oka wanted a piece of ancestral Indian land to add nine holes to a golf course and build condos, many residents of Kanesatake protested.

The numbers of Mohawks

quoted in the papers were wrong. There weren't 500, it was 2000 Mohawks protesting against the illegal landing of helicopters and army personnel on their land. They weren't throwing rocks either, they were just asking them to leave."

Anything a person can do to help the situation makes a difference, he said.

"When you don't do anything about it you're just as guilty. Decide what's good for you; picketing, pamphlets, petitions, informational literature, demand the truth."

Despite dwindling public interest and the surrender of the Mohawk peacekeepers, Flint sees the beginning of a new era. "The fuel has always been there. This is merely the spark. The flame will only go higher."

Information is available anytime on the Mohawk radio station: 103.5 FM at 638-1313 and from the Mohawk Nation Office: 638-4750

Recycling the same old garbage

by Ruth Kamnitzer

Although it's mostly the same old garbage, McGill has begun the first phase of a new in-house fine paper recycling program.

Under the auspices of the 'Waste Management Program', fine paper will now be collected for recycling from five buildings — Frank Dawson Adams, Otto Mass Chemical, McDonald Engineering, McDonald-Harrington and Pulp and Paper. An additional seven buildings, including Bronfman, Burnside, Leacock and Redpath, will continue to be served by a private firm.

The program will be ex-

panded to a further seven buildings by October 15. The switch to a complete in-house program is targeted for New Year's Day.

Attempts at recycling paper began in 1988, under student auspices through the Québec Public Interest Research Group (QPIRG). Their project fell apart when control was transferred to the administration.

Last year, a private contractor approached the university about fine paper. But that program has been fraught with problems, such as poor participation and irregular pick-ups, which the in-house program will attempt to rectify.

Claude Lahaie, manager of the Waste Management Program at McGill, says such a program would not have been possible a few years ago, due to the lack of companies in the private sector who provided regular services.

Still, the new program will only handle fine paper and will not deal with newsprint. Based on the production counts from the campus newspapers (but not counting the other newspapers McGill's 20 000 students may bring to campus), there is just not enough newsprint on campus to warrant recycling, says Lahaie.

The university is currently searching for a recycling company who will take the relatively small amount of newsprint McGill could collect. Also being investigated is the possibility of finding space to store the newsprint until sufficient bulk is collected.

Until such time, the *Daily*, the *Tribune* and other McGill Papers will continue to head for the same garbage bins as glass juice bottles and other potentially-recyclable material at McGill do.

Currently McGill offers its staff recycled bond paper envelopes, as well as non-recycled

bleached paper (on which there is a 10 per cent surcharge). Students should expect to see more of the tell-tale black flecks of recycled paper in their university correspondence.

But recycling bond paper does not constitute an inexhaustible resource. Paper can only be recycled approximately four times before the fibres become too short, making the paper too thick for use. While McGill searches for ways to expand its recycling services, careful usage will always be the best policy.

Popping very mad

by Danny Clarke and Kenneth King

An unrepentant Angela Issajenko talked herself into a corner Tuesday when she addressed McGill students about drug use in sports, but held firm when challenged by the audience.

Her talk was the first session of McGill's three-day symposium on performance enhancing drugs.

The former world-class sprinter said that athletes in track and field have no choice these days but to lean on an 'aid'

if they aspire to being number one — or at least reaching a world-class ranking.

Issajenko's controversial spiel gave the students-athletes in attendance an alternative and, dare it be said, realistic viewpoint to ponder.

Issajenko's rise to prominence on the world scene in 1979 was unaided by drugs; however, she felt it was a necessary evil if she was to keep up with those in her ranking — and ultimately, challenge for number one.

When it comes to doping policies, she said, the Interna-

tional Olympic Committee (IOC) is only concerned with the Olympics and passes the buck to the International Amateur Athletics Federation (IAAF). The IAAF in turn let the responsibility fall on individual federations who stall.

"They (the IOC) say, 'We're only responsible every four years.' If they wanted to clean up the sport they could because they have the money and the resources," she said.

"What do they do with that \$360 million that they get from CBS? The federations drag their feet when it comes to doping control. We either take drugs

right out of sport, or we condone them. There are too many people sitting on the fence."

Athletes who fail their peepee tests are looked upon with pity by their colleagues, according to Issajenko. Their attitude is that the only crime committed by Johnson and the ten others who tested positive at the 1988 Seoul Olympics was getting caught. As well, their athletic abilities and accomplishments fall suspect while some others, uncaught (or 'clean'), are left unscrutinized by the press and

sports associations.

"I do not believe an athlete could ever get to that level without help," she said matter-of-factly. "I'm not saying that you cannot achieve a high standard, but probably not number one. It's human nature that people don't want to be second-best. What is wrong with wanting to be the best?"

"A lot of people who sit there and judge me don't have an aid. If there were a so-called 'smart pill', people would be popping them."

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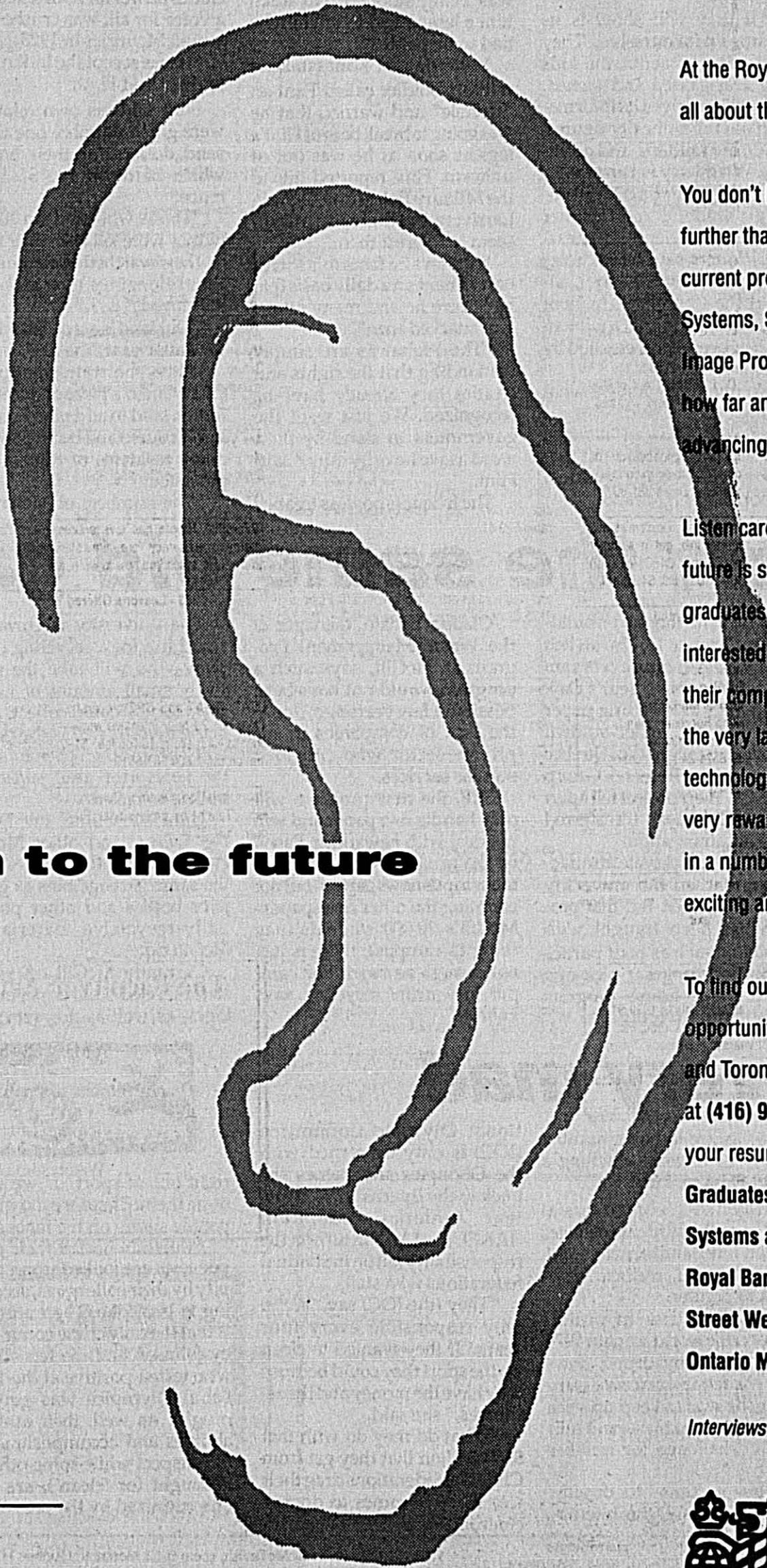
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Classifieds

341 - Apartments, Rooms, Housing

Condominiums - New! Luxurious McGill Ghetto 5 1/2, hardwood floors, fireplace, Aylmer & Milton, Guy Allaire - 382-0940. RE/MAX AMBIANCE.

Clean bright huge 1 1/2s with all kinds of extras. Beautiful hardwood floors. Vermin free. Move-in condition. Must be seen. Also one 2 1/2. 481-8870.

3 1/2 near campus, 2 bedrooms, living room, wall to wall closets, galley kitchen, New hardwood floors. Move-in condition. Vermin-free. Must be seen. 481-8870.

Apartment to share - Oct. 1st to June 30th. Plateau area, metro Laurier, Top Floor, 5 appliances. Days: 982-3070, evenings: 597-0329. Ask for Lewis O'Keefe.

5 1/2 to share - huge kitchen - clean rooms - quiet street - near metro - pets allowed - backyard - great roomies (2) seeking third. Only \$205 - 284-5377 (after 6 pm)

2 guys looking to share 6 1/2 on St-Hubert and Marie-Anne. Available September. Rent \$200 + 1/3 Util. Non-smoker only. Phone Luc or Dave at 597-0233

Music studio for rent. To be shared. Very big, safe, large windows. \$198/month. Available now. Call - Raffi: 681-5060 or Jean-Carl: 866-8974

3 1/2 bdrm. apt. Pine and Durocher. Large kitchen, hardwood floors, no bugs. \$377/month heat included. 845-4582.

Residence rooms (4 single) central location, available beginning October. \$520/month, including 15 meals per week. Apply to Presbyterian College, 3495 University, Phone: 288-5256.

343 - Movers/Storage

Moving/Storage. Closed van. Will transport you and your goods safely. Local and long distance. Cheap. Steve 735-8148.

Large Econoline Van - for moving local & long distance. Reliable with reasonable rates. Alex, 324-3794.

Stationwagon for hire. Will pick up and/or deliver. References available. Near campus. 871-9408

350 - Jobs

Bartenders - Get yourself a very lucrative part-time job. The Master School of Bartending offers training courses and placement service. 2021 Peel St. (Peel Metro). 849-2828 (student discounts).

Experienced babysitter needed for 21 month old boy. Hours 10:30 am to 1:30 pm Wed. and Fri. Le Plateau area. Call 523-7504 after 2 pm.

(O.S.B.L. du West Island, oeuvrant en psychiatrie) recherche:

- P.A.B. & d'éducateurs - liste de rappel
- P.A.B. - Temps partiel (jour - fin de semaine/ 7:30-19:30)

Expérience en psychiatrie requise. Bilinguisme essentiel. M. Ste-Marie au 421-1586.

Spring Break 1991 - Individual or student organization needed to promote Spring break trip. Earn money, free trips and valuable work experience. Call now!!! Inter-Campus Programs: 1-800-327-6013

Research Assistant needed 15-20 hrs/wk, fluent French/English, familiar with computers (Mac preferred). Knowledge of experimental design for social sciences required. Responsibilities include videotaping subjects (children), transcription and data analysis, on-going lab maintenance. Send résumé immediately to: Dr. L. Petito, Dept. of Psychology, 1205 ave. Dr. Penfield, Montréal, H3A 1B1.

Employé à temps partiel pour boutique de ski. Horaire flexible. Doit avoir expérience, bilingue, et enthousiaste. David 381-8076.

Student painters. Today. Don't miss out. Don't get a summer job; get a summer business. Student Society. 3480 McTavish - 2 pm. Room B09-B10 or call 845-2909.

352 - Help Wanted

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Huge Income Potential
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Part-time teachers for small home day care. Three afternoons a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday 3:30 - 5:30. Must be responsible and reliable. Call 286-1381.

Student graphic artist: required for drawings and illustrations. Must be able to work from concept to final copy. flexible terms, to be discussed. 257-8517

356 - Typing Services

Success to all students in 1990-91. Theses, term papers, résumés, etc. Bilingual. 21 years of experience. 7 days a week. \$1.75 double spaced. IBM. On McGill Campus. Peel St. CALL Paulette Vigneault. 288-9638

Term papers, fast and efficient. 7 days a week. \$1.75 double spaced. IBM. On campus. Call Roxanne 288-0016.

Résumés by MBAs, quality, service, satisfaction. Student discounts - Better Business Bureau member, see yellow pages ad. Prestige (on Guy) 939-2200

Girl Friday word processing. 937-8495. 9:00 - 5:30 (7 days) laser printer. Term papers/Manuscripts, Résumés/Mailing Lists, Correspondence (Atwater Métro)

358 - Services Offered

Air-conditioning and refrigeration service. Will pick-up unwanted fridges, freezers from ground level, and air conditioners. Call me: I'm not here honest; just better looking. 871-94081

Public speaking group forming at McGill Counselling Service. 7 weekly sessions, Thursdays, 10:30-12. Got "Seminar presentation jitters"? Phone 398-3601 now!

Test anxiety group now forming at McGill Counselling Service. 6 weekly sessions, Tuesdays, 10:30-12. Phone 398-3601 for more information.

Electrolysis. Remove unwanted hair. Professionally performed. Perfectly applied. Best rates 529-4151.

Willing females and males needed for student haircuts. Supervised by professionals. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 5:30 pm for cuts. \$10. Estetica 2175 Crescent. For appointments 849-9231.

361 - Articles for Sale

Vancouver - one way plane ticket to Vancouver on September 27th at 6:15 pm. Female ID provided. Cheaper than student standby at \$150. Call 286-1079.

Leather jackets, new, all sizes, great prices, must see. Call 848-0239 anytime.

New Smith-Corona typewriter, spellcheck correctable ...; 3 large room size woolen rugs, one \$5.00 sofa/bed/chair. Negotiable prices for typewriter and rugs. Cheap. Call 284-5404.

372 - Lost & Found

Lost - Bicycle helmet with sentimental value. Please phone Alexander 345-0781

Found - Your keys last Wednesday on Milton & University - Michele 848-9944.

Anyone found my wallet? Zipper, colored stripes. Stolen from backpack outside weight room Wed. 19th. I need the ID. I 481-5928 or

return to Gym security. No questions. BW.

374 - Personals

100% non-toxic, 100% environmentally safe, 100% effective. Practical Product rids you of cockroaches forever. Potential summer jobs available. 939-0210 Dan (after 5 pm; leave message)

C'est qui ou c'est quoi, Dieu? Qu'en pensez-vous? Discussion de groupe pour les curieux et ceux qui ont quelque chose à partager, Union B09-10, Vendredi 28 septembre à 14h30. Pour étudiants, professeurs et personnel de McGill seulement. Organisé par le GBU-McGill.

Etes-vous dans la bonne direction? Savez-vous où aller? Ne faites-vous pas fausse route? Voulez-vous faire le point? Etes-vous prêt pour votre examen? Je vous y aiderai. 282-6333

My yellow wetskin rain jacket was stolen on Saturday night at Gert's. Keys w/pink key chain in pocket. Know anything? Feel guilty? Call Sheri 457-7253.

Are you out of tune? Amateur Musicians of McGill. Check it out Thursday, October 4, 8 pm. Strathcona Music Building Room C304. Bring your instrument.

1970-1990 Hippie has tow tenures. Hey, it's International Literacy Year - hire a starving McGill graduate to teach you how to write, eh!

383 - Lessons Offered

Do you want to learn to cook Indian recipes by working with me at your free time? Call Rita at 281-1148 for appointment.

LSAT, GMAT and GRE preparation courses - Take our 20 hour intensive weekend courses prior to each exam. Tuition fee - \$190. For information call 1 800 387-5519.

Pronunciation, Diction, Conversation in English. Taught by professional. Private lessons only. 524-3274.

385 - Notices

St. Martha's in the basement meets every Sunday morning at 10:30 am for informal, Christian worship at 3521 University. Everyone is welcome. Info: Roberta Clare, Presbyterian-United Church Chaplain, 398-4104.

Prayer vigil for Native Peoples - every weekday at noon for 15 minutes in the University Chapel, 3520 University, 2nd floor. Info: McGill Chaplaincy, 398-4104.

India Canada Students' Association invites everyone to catered dinner Sun. Sept. 30 in the Alley. Limited tickets so buy in advance!!!! Ticket sales in Union 408, Mon. - Thurs. 2-3, Fri. 10-11.

Lesbian/Gay discussion group held Fridays at the yellow door (3625 Aylmer) at 17:30.

Gays and Lesbians of McGill offers an information and counselling talkline. Call us with questions, problems or just to talk. Phone 398-6822 or drop by Union 417, M-F, 7-10.

Gays & Lesbians of McGill. General Assembly on Thursday Sept. 27 at 17:30 Union R. 425. very important to attend.

Hey keen figure skaters ... come to our "rink-opening" party on Wed. Oct. 3 at 8am-9am at McGill winter stadium - behind Res. Bring your skates, refreshments will be served.

393 - Parking Services

Parking space for rent, close to campus, \$45/month. Call 284-6211

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The Faculty of Arts, McGill University presents

A Maxwell-Cummings Lecture
with Gillian Beer
Grace Professor of English, University of Cambridge
"Forging the Missing Link"
(Victorian Literature and Science)

Wednesday, October 3, 1990
6:00 pm
Stephen Leacock Building, Room 232

YOM KIPPUR

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at
Chabad House

3429 Peel St.
The Jewish Student Center
"Your Home Away From Home"

Friday Sept. 28 6:30 pm
Saturday Sept. 29 10:00 am
(fast ends 7:30 pm)

842-6616

Students no charge
"No RSVP needed"

EVENTS

Students for Global Responsibility (SGR) hold their first meeting. All welcome. 20h00, Union Bldg. 425/426. Call 284-6385.

Stephen Scobie reads his poems, Dept. of Rare Books and special collections, McLennan Library. Admission Free. All welcome. 398-4711

Friends of First Nations Meeting, 17h00, Newman Centre Lobby, 3484 Peel St. All welcome. 842-0906.

W.U.S.C. McGill meeting about 1991 Student Seminar in Botswana. There will be information on application as well as a presentation by a student who attended the '87 seminar. All welcome. 17h00, Room 410, Union Bldg. 286-3974.

Pierre-Marc Johnson, former Québec premier talks about Policy Making in Environment Linking Health and Environment. 13h00, Johnathan Meakins Theatre, Room 521, McIntyre Medical Building.

McGill Film Society presents Local Hero, 19h30, Leacock 132.

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 Sundays at 7:30 pm



St James United Church

(City Councillor Street Entrance
 - One block east of The Bay)
 Refreshments Following

(ATTENTION MCGILL STUDENTS, FACULTY AND SUPPORT STAFF)

**Our community
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As an English-speaking Quebecer, you have a great stake in the outcome of the current constitutional debate.

- You have concerns and ideas on the future of your country.
- You deserve to be heard!

Alliance Quebec gives you the chance.

We want to know what you think — about your future in Quebec, and about Quebec's future in Canada. You can help Alliance Quebec make the strongest case for our community when it appears before the Commission on the Political and Constitutional Future of Quebec. You can help us make sure our community is being heard.

How can you get involved?

Alliance Quebec will be sponsoring a series of 'community round tables' across the province. These informal gatherings will be held by and for interested and concerned members of our community — **people like you**. Why not organize a round-table meeting with about 10 of your friends and colleagues? We can help.

How can you find out more?

- Phone us, and we'll give you all the details.

alliance quebec

875-2771